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## THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

De white man worries 'bout  
stocks an' bonds  
An' money dat's in de bank;  
He's allus watchin' de telegraph  
An' lookin' mighty black.  
He worries on de 'lection day  
To know what man's gwine fer  
beat;  
But de only thing Eph worries  
'bout  
Is jes' 'bout sump'n to eat.  
  
De white man worries 'bout  
houses an' lands,  
An' 'bout de great big price  
He pays in wintah for his coal,  
An' in summer for his ice.  
You'll see him walkin' 'cross de  
flo',  
Too worried to kep his seat,  
But Eph don't worry 'bout noth-  
in' 'tall  
Except 'bout sump'n to eat.  
  
De white man worries 'bout cats  
an' dawgs  
An' 'bout de gran' Horse Show;  
Sometimes he worries 'bout de  
day o' death  
'Cause he ain't sho' whar he'll  
go;  
Eph don't worry 'bout whar  
he's agwine;  
Don't worry 'bout de col, nur  
de heat—  
'Cause all he wants is to slap his  
moul  
On sumpin dat's good fur to  
eat.

—Lij pineott's Magazine.

## THE CHILD.

The true principles that govern development of the individual are founded upon nature. The law that determines growth in plant life has the same basis as that which governs development in animal life. The only rule that can be woven for growth is, make the environments conform with the requirements of nature. The plant cannot quicken its growth by toiling and spinning, nor can man "add a cubit to his stature," by worrying. He grows, where surroundings are favorable for development, as the lily or the oak without effort, without anxiety. Growth is the result of making the environments receptive to the organism, and of placing the organism in harmony with the environments.

Notice the child, the subject in the first epochs of individual development. Here is a physical organism that may unfold a capacity for manual labor; here is the germ of a mind that will have power to weave strong cables of thought as well as to spin the finest fabric of intellect; here is the embryo spirit that may realize freedom, its ultimate end, thru harmony with an infinite personality.

With all these germs in the child they will never be brought into play and become useful to the individual and mankind unless they have some special line of work that they may grow into usefulness. The germ that was in the inventor's mind, which later caused him to harness steam with iron bands, and created a uniformity of interest between persons separated by mountain barriers and trackless ocean, and the mind of the scientist which has almost eliminated time and space by ma-

king electricity subservient to the will of man, never would have been known to the world if it had not been for developments. The only way these developments are brought out of the child is by education.

Education said Herbert Spencer is to prepare man for complete living. Plato declared it to be the perfection of all the powers of man. Dante argued it was to fit man for eternity, while Melton wrote that it was to regain for man what was lost by Adam's fall. So as we reflect back to the definition of education from the time of the ancients to the present, we easily see that it has a similar meaning, the advancement of man by drawing out those powers that he already possessed and making them as near perfect as possible.

In the days of childhood is the time to begin building that standard of life for those things that are acquired in that time always the foundation of the man. The worthy expression, "The child is the father of man," is one that should be held by every one who has the teaching of the children, especially is this so with the school teacher, for it is principally in the school room that the child first began to form habits, yet there may be a few formed before he becomes under the care of a teacher, but they can be, if bad ones, largely handicapped by special training along these lines. It is in childhood that the individual more easily becomes turned away the right way, as it is that period when he is forming those habits that will generally follow him through life. If one is very careful and do those things that are considered right and have them taught the child, they will largely be accepted and a happy and prosperous life will follow, but the child whose environments are poor and whose schooling is not what it ought to be, is almost forced to acquire habits that are detrimental to himself and then is forced to fill a prison cell or become a wreck for life, yet one cannot well say that he is responsible as he has done the best his surroundings would. The child grows into manhood by imitation. The child loves and imitates and is no longer a child. Imitation is the first step in education. We become like our associates, despite our lack of realization of the fact. We may not be able to trace the im-  
agine in all children, covered, as it is, by vice and shame, by sins of the father for cloak and covering, but the imagine is there. There is an angel in every stone upon the highway. The sculptor may find it, while the chain gang will crush it with its hammer and chisel.

There is no cruelty like cruelty to children and there is no form of cruelty to children which will not punish those guilty of it, as stealing their childhood. It makes little difference whether the theft is continued infinitely by poverty or greed or social ambition. The result is robbery, whether the child is sent to the factory or to the ball-room, whether he leaves off baby clothes for a messenger uniform or a dress suit.

Childhood is prophecy. Tomorrow is unfolded the child of

today. Could you unwrap the child's mind as one peels the several coating of the onion, one would find successive generations therein concealed. The child is true prophecy. He expects and it comes to pass, for accomplishment is first and chiefly expectancy. We become what we expect.

The world proves to be what the prophecy of ~~expectancy~~ predicted. Therein lies the tremendous value of childhood's ideals and impulses presented for inspection amid the cold activities of middle life. Fortunate is he who has a heart of a child when he attains the stature of a man.

Thrice fortunate is he who carries the glory of youthful aspirations into after years. Dark and dismal is the life that cannot come back to the altar and take a live coal therefrom to give warmth and light when hopes are dashed and prophecy fail.  
J. W. Cooper.

## EXPENSIVE FUNERALS

The man in California who directed that his body be interred in a pine box, as a protest against expensive funerals, has left a lesson which is worthy of consideration. It is about time that some act was done or word spoken which would call attention to a growing evil.

It is a well known fact that the most elaborate funeral displays are made by those who can least afford them. This is particularly true of the colored people. It is not an uncommon sight to see a long line of carriages, headed by a heavily draped hearse, standing in front of some insignificant house, the display being all the more conspicuous because of its contrast with the surroundings. Thru a mistaken idea of courtesy due the dead, or thru an inexcusable desire to be ostentatious, the bereaved family loads itself down with a debt that hangs over it like a millstone for many years. The money that is spent for carriages would buy bread or pay rent. In fact, almost any use to which it might be put would be better than its foolish expenditure for display. The mockery of the funeral is all the more evident when the vehicles which go to make up the procession are filled with people who regard the whole affair as a pleasant excursion.

Behind the hearse come the sorrowing relatives, and then come the mourners—God save the mark—whose faces show neither sympathy nor sorrow and whose enjoyment of unusual privilege of a drive is to plain to be disguised.

The time will come when, with rare exceptions, public funerals will be a thing of the past. As a matter of fact, all the finer characteristics of human appeal now for the most private burial. Into the darkened room the public has no right to intrude itself. The weeping ones ought to be left alone in their grief—a grief too private and sacred to be exposed to the comment of those who are outside of the stricken circle. When the services and character of a man have been such as to demand formal recognition over his bier there may be some reasonable excuse for a public funeral; but, as a general rule, privacy

should be the chief feature of an interment. The sooner that this is realized the sooner will funerals become dignified and solemn occasions, befitting the presence of death. There is enough morbid curiosity in the world without affording unnecessary opportunity for its display.

Mrs. Effie Parker Hawkins, Delivered at Taylor's Chapel, Sedalia, Mo., Oct. 1 1903.

By Shelton French.

With bowed heads and heavy hearts, we stand in the sacred presence and venerated shade of our beloved dead, to us our own pure, noble, accomplished Effie.

We forget that she was both wife and mother.

We remember as a pleasant, light-hearted, scholarly girl, devoid of selfishness, ever considerate and thoughtful of others.

We knew her to love her, and loved her because of her splendid character amiable disposition superior intelligence, practical common sense, and gentle unassuming manners.

We stand here, not to find fault with the rulings and mandates of Jehovah; not to question why this fair flower with its sweet fragrance should be plucked so soon; not to ask why one so young, so good, and so useful should have a life so brief,—no not that, not that.

We stand here to manifest our fealty and admiration for one whom we honored in life, and now reverence in death.

At every angle of this restless, undulating journey we are constantly reminded of the uncertainty of life and the inevitableness of death.

As men are born, in most essentials they die. Death to the Christian comes as the messenger of good things, the bearer of precious gifts.

Dear Life! Sweet moment! Gracious Opportunity! Brief journey so well worth the taking! Gentle exile so well worth the enduring!—thy bitterest sorrows are but blessings in disguise, our sharpest pains are brought upon us by ourselves, and even then are turned to warnings for our guidance; while above us, thru us, and around us, radiates the Supreme Love, unalterably tender.

We speak of the past as being dead, but it cannot die. Time's eternal repetend of yesterday, to day and tomorrow, can never be broken.

Today is as yesterday made it, and tomorrow will be shaped by today.

Life is an Italian corridor, painted, picture after picture, by a master hand; and man is the traveler thru it, taking his eyes from one scene, but to rest them upon another.

Some remain a blur in his mind; some he remembers not; for some he has but to close his eyes and he sees them again, line for line, tint for tint, the whole spirit of the piece,—a grand retrospective view thru the dim vista of the past, then a faltering, a swoon, a drowsiness, and in the midst of the awful darkness which hovers over him, he falls asleep.

The grim monster, unbidden, enters our homes. We see his

grotesque form in the sunken cheek. We hear his foot-fall in the hollow cough.

Helpless and defenseless we see him bear our loved ones away, then droop our heads in sorrow and bathe our faces in tears.

This stupor, this inactivity, this sleep that knows no waking, what shall we call it? Oh give it some other and nobler name.

Worms shall feed on the flesh, their wet and slimy bodies will trail across the arms and bosom,—unsightly things crawl thru the eyes and nose and nestle among the locks of hair; and nothing, nothing shall remain of what we loved, but dust.

The perishable casket is here, but the imperishable jewell has been spirited away.

Effie, mid the autumn leaves you have fallen.

Loving hands will bear you from the city of the living to dwell until the resurrection, in the city of the dead.

Nature's grass will keep your grave green; fragrant flowers will blossom on your bosom; birds will warble their sweetest symphonies above your hallowed mound.

Your spirit has winged its flight to that "bourne from whence no traveler has ever been known to return; where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

As we pay you this tribute, we are conscious of the fact that we too are hastening to the same destination.

Sleep on, Effie, in silent and peaceful slumber, sleep.

Sleep in the arms of Jesus 'till the judgement morn.

As you sleep, we pray that God may comfort your parents, brothers, sisters and friends.

But especially do we pray that his spirit may hover o'er, watch, protect and care for your motherless babe who must forego a mother's love, a mother's care and a mother's faithful guidance.

"Creator! Yeal Thy wisdom and thy word created her. Thou source of Life and Good; Thou, spirit of her spirit, and her Lord. Thy light, thy love, in their plenitude,

Filled her immortal soul to spring O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear

The garments of eternal day, and wing

Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,

E'en to its source—to thee—its Author—there."

An exchange remarks that many a woman parades up the church aisle in a new and stylish hat and gown followed by her husband in a threadbare coat and a last year's hat. Yes, says the Marshall Republican, and many a man parades down the street with his tank full of beer and a cigar between his teeth, headed for a saloon or billard hall, whose wife hasn't had a new hat or coat for eleven years.

Viebrock & Gieschen handle the stores that will make "eney body" warm. Try them, prices to suit.

Yes indeed, Sweringen & Co., know their business when it comes to first class groceries and table delicacies.